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were Capuzzi, Antonio, Marianna, faithfully copied from Antonio's picture; even the pyramidal doctor was not forgotten—and all disposed with so much judgment, skill and genius, that Antonio could not enough express his amazement at the talent and the quickness of the artist.

The old man was not satisfied with the scena which Salvator had wished to hear, but, carried away by his musical insanity, he sang, or rather screamed—labouring unceasingly through the most frightful recitative from one diabolical aria to another. This might have endured about two hours—and then he sank, his face all swollen and livid, breathless on his chair. By this time also Salvator had so filled up the sketch, that at a little distance it appeared a finished picture.

"I have kept faith with you, most estimable Signor Pasquale," whispered Salvator in the old man's ear. He started as from a dream, and his eye fell immediately on the painted spinet which stood before him. His eyes opened widely. He clapped the pointed hat upon his peruke, seized his stick, and making but one spring to the spinet, tore the cover from the hinges, and holding it above his head, ran like a maniac down stairs, Signora Caterina and her daughters laughing loudly after him.

"The old skin-flint well knows," said Salvator, "that he need only shew the painting to Count Colonna, or to my friend Rossi, and he will get forty ducats for it—aye, or more."

Salvator and Antonio now considered their plan of attack, which was to be made that very night.—We shall see by-and-bye what the two adventurers had plotted, and how their assault succeeded.

The Countess, having read thus far, closed her manuscript, and said, that as the hour at which we usually separated was long since past, she would reserve the continuation of the story until our next meeting. "You may judge," she added, "from the thickness of the scroll, that half at least remains, and to finish it at present would be to task your patience too severely." We were unanimous in entreating her to proceed with it on the instant, but the lively Mariucci proved for once inexorable. The night being already far advanced, we then separated—agreeing to meet at an early hour on the following evening, to hear the conclusion of *Salvator Rosa*.

THE HOUND OF DIANA.

(From the Italian of Rossi.)

"Chaste goddess, deign accept my gift—
This little greyhound, keen and swift:"

Cynthia the dangerous present kept.
'Twas this same dog that barked so loud,
When, stooping from her silver cloud,
She kissed Endymion as he slept.

M. de V.